

Library

Recollections
OF
Bishop England.

The Right Reverend

John England, D. D.

Born in the City of Cork, Ireland,

23d Sept'r, 1786;

Consecrated Bishop of Charleston,

21st September, 1820;

Died, 11th April, 1842.

Twenty Years

Chaplain, Friend, and Counsellor


Of the

Washington Light Infantry,

Of

Charleston, S. C.

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HEN only seventeen years old, he was the religious instructor of the Cork Militia, stationed in Carlow, Ireland; and, in after-life, often expressed his delight, that his mission, like that of St. Francis de Sales, had its commencement among the
M I L I T A R Y.

“I must do my duty, if I fall at the Altar! All I ask of you is, that you will take me home.”

LAST PUBLIC SERMON, BALTIMORE.

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IN
GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF THEIR
CHAPLAIN, COUNSELLOR, AND FRIEND;
THESE
TRIBUTES TO HIS WORTH,
EVOKED FROM HIS COTEMPORARIES,
ARE NOW GATHERED UP
AND HANDED DOWN,
BY
THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

+ John, Bishop of Charleston

[Editorial of "Charleston Courier," April 12, 1842.]

DEATH OF BISHOP ENGLAND.

We announce, with unfeigned regret, the death of this eminent and distinguished prelate. He breathed his last about five o'clock, yesterday morning, after a protracted and painful illness, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was a native of Ireland, and for the last twenty-two years resided in this city—during which period he presided over the Diocese comprising the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. He was distinguished for strength of mind, power of argument, deep and various learning, and a bold and impressive eloquence, and was justly ranked among the intellectual and literary ornaments of our city. As a prelate, he conducted the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of his Church (the Roman Catholic) with consummate ability, and has left behind him many monuments of religion and benevolence, the fruits of his successful administration and unwearied zeal. Devoted, as he was, to the interests of the Church to which he owed his mitre, he was yet a man of liberal principles and feelings, alive to the impulses of public spirit, and to the influences of universal charity. During his long residence among us, his high and merited influence over his flock was ever exercised for good, and his deportment was such as to win for him the esteem and regard of the community. Though his native country was ever green in his memory and dear to his heart, his allegiance to his adopted country was recognized as his highest duty, as well from inclination as principle.

He sympathized deeply with the free institutions and the

glorious destinies of the American Union, valuing it as the home of his oppressed and exiled fellow-countrymen, and the chosen temple of rational liberty.

Of the South, he was a true friend and an able champion, fearlessly throwing the weight of his character, influence, and intellect, in favor of her much misunderstood and much reviled institutions, and vindicated them, both at home and abroad. In the death of one, thus eminent in his calling and useful in his generation, his Church has sustained a loss which can scarcely be repaired, and our community owns the bereavement of a gifted and valued citizen.

The obsequies of this lamented prelate will be celebrated at the Cathedral of St. Finbar, at ten o'clock A. M., and the clergy of all denominations, the different societies of which he was a member, his friends and acquaintances, and the citizens generally, are invited to attend the solemn ceremony, and pay the last sad tribute to departed worth.

The bells of St. Michael's tolled yesterday, and the shipping in the harbor wore their colors at half mast, in honor of the deceased; and, as a further testimony of respect to his memory, the general review of troops, which was to have taken place this day, is postponed, by order of His Excellency the Governor, until to-morrow.

[Editorial of "Charleston Mercury," April 12, 1842.]

Bishop ENGLAND will be sincerely lamented by all our citizens. He was a man of rare talents, of various learning, eloquent, public-spirited, one equally capable of adorning the walks of private life, and meeting the emergencies of public duty. When such men die, they leave a wide gap in society, and we wait long before we see their places worthily filled. Bishop ENGLAND has resided among us for more than twenty years, and during that time he has conciliated an esteem, so general, that that class must be small, indeed, which will not sympathise with his more immediate friends in this melancholy bereavement.

[Editorial of "Charleston Patriot," April 11, 1842.]

Thus has been extinguished, in its meridian lustre, one of the most brilliant lights of the Catholic Church in the Western hemisphere—a divine, who illustrated the duties of his lofty calling by his personal example—whose religious zeal was ever fervent—whose philanthropy knew no discrimination of class, sect, or country—whose ability was unquestioned—whose learning was ample—whose energies knew no abatement by adverse influences—whose eloquence was prompt, enriched with the treasures of thought, and enforcing the truths of religion, with equal force of argument and fervor of diction, and who has gone down to the tomb with the profound regrets of the community in which he lived, the intense sorrow of his afflicted congregation, and the agonizing grief of a large circle of friends. Honor to his memory, and reverence to his virtues.

[From the "Savannah Republican"]

The Bishop was well known in this country, and in Europe, not only as an enlightened and zealous prelate, but as a profound and elegant scholar, and one of those men, whose courteous deportment and easy address, recommend them to society, and enable them to wield an important influence.

[From the "Savannah Georgian."]

Of him it may well be said, that he united untiring zeal in the fulfillment of his arduous duties, to intense solicitude for the promotion of a chaste style of scientific and literary attainments, and to an ardent desire for the preservation of social order, and the wide diffusion of a correct knowledge of our civil institutions amongst the countries of Europe, which he frequently visited, during past years, in the discharge of his diocesan duties. It is not our object, at present, to do more than sympathise in the sad bereavement of

that Church, of whose ministry he was a highly gifted and revered dignitary; whose profound and varied learning, glowing eloquence, unostentatious piety, indomitable exertions for establishing a system of moral and useful education, and uniform liberality to his fellow-citizens, endeared him alike to those whose spiritual destinies he guided according to his faith, in the observance of the Christian code, and all others, without distinction of creed or country, by whom he was known, for the eminent wisdom of his counsel, and the active benevolence of his heart.

[From the "Catholic Herald," Philadelphia.]

As his philanthropy was extensive, so is his loss deplored, with a grief, not circumscribed, or limited to sect or party, but reaching in its course across the wide Atlantic, where his loss will be mourned, as here; for there, too, were his virtues known, and the blessed effects of his charity and talents felt and acknowledged.

[From the "New England Reporter."]

His was the glory of enumerating, among his admirers, the great Protestant body of America.

[From the "Southern Review," No. 1.]

He was, emphatically, the restorer of classical learning in Charleston.

[From the Memorial Meeting of the "Washington Light Infantry," April 25th, 1842.]

It is with no ordinary feelings of sorrow, that the Washington Light Infantry, publicly recognizes the loss from among its members, of the Right Reverend Bishop ENGLAND. The eloquent tones that have stirred our hearts, as with the sound of the trumpet, shall no more command and

arrest our attention. The lips ever devoted to the advancement of virtue and religion, are forever mute, frozen into silence by the icy hand of death. The earnest vindicator of the liberty of his native land, the devoted admirer and constant advocate of the institutions of his adopted country—the man of unimpeached and unimpeachable character, of intellect and acquirement wide and far reaching, of imagination fervid and poetic—the Priest of self-denying and self-sacrificing virtues, whom all men, of every sect and faith, delighted to honor—the careful, and sleepless watcher over the flock committed to his care—has finished his earthly course. To us, he was endeared by the relations he bore to our corps—by the recollection of the address which he delivered before this Company—and by the readiness he evinced to render us any service that circumstances might require.

His eulogy is in the deep grief of his friends; in the passionate mourning of the thousand hearts to whom he was the day star of hope, the light upon their thorny path of life. His epitaph is written in the enduring affection of the widow and the orphan; the homeless and the forlorn, whom in life he cherished and sustained. Their prayers, are the incense round his tomb—their tears, the libation over his ashes.

[From a Memoir by Wm. Geo. Read.]

Bishop ENGLAND was a man of transcendent and various ability. Had his genius been directed exclusively to arms, or to politics, or to letters, he might have twined the shamrock with the laurel or the bay, as triumphantly as a WELINGTON, a GRATTAN, or a BURKE. In a different age of the Church, he would have been classed with her GREGORIES and ALCUINS.

* * * He infused new life, by his energy, into the Philosophical and Literary Association of which he continued, till death, an honored and useful member; applying his unrivaled powers to instruct and please, as happily to subjects of scientific or critical contemplation, as to the more accus-

tomed topics of his sacred calling ; but ever aiming to hallow his intellectual offering, and direct the attention of his delighted auditory, from the wonders of nature, or the beautiful creations of mind, to "the Author of every good and perfect gift."

* * * He witnessed with grief and horror, the Moloch ravages of that mis-named spirit of honor, that so often carries desolation to the bosom of Southern society ; quenching in the blood of its victim, the hopes of an admiring country, or of domestic affection. He rallied about him the chivalry of Carolina, in an Anti-Dueling Society, of which Gen. THOMAS PINCKNEY, of Revolutionary fame, was the venerated President ; and through his own personal activity, backed by the moral influence of that Association, many hostile meetings were prevented, and valuable lives most probably preserved. I have listened to him, as with merry triumph, and unsparing but playful ridicule, he has talked over, with a gallant officer, their counter manœuvres, on one most interesting occasion, and rejoiced over his opponent's baffled love of mischief.

* * * But he can only be justly appreciated, by those who knew him in the pastoral charge. When that frightful scourge, the Strangers, or Yellow Fever, desolated Charleston, he was ever at his post. This is nothing new or strange, to those who know the Catholic Priesthood. But when the Protestants of Charleston saw this apostolic man hurrying under the fiery noons of August and September, or the deadly midnight dew, to assist and console the victim of the plague, usually of the humblest and the poorest, they could not but exclaim, in the sincerity of their wonder and admiration, "this is a Christian Charity !" I am not dealing in imaginary suppositions. I repeat but the language of honored and beloved relatives and friends, who have no acquaintance with him, who have never listened to his doctrine, who would as soon have questioned their own personal identity, as the infallible truth of the religious tenets in which they had been educated, but who gave the cheerful

testimony of honesty and gratitude, to virtues which were voiced by the whole community. A near relative of mine, speaking of him to me, said: "I met him one forenoon, while the fever was at the highest, brushing along through perhaps the hottest street in the city; when I tell you he was blazing, I do not exaggerate—he was literally blazing! The fire sparkled from his cheeks and flashed from his eyes! I shook hands with him, and, as we parted, thought to myself, 'my dear fellow, you will soon have enough of this!'" But his work was not yet done. No! for season after season, amid vice, squalidity, and wretchedness, where intemperance, perhaps, kept maudlin watch by the dying or the dead, while the sob of sorrow was broken by the shriek of destitution and despair, there still stood Bishop ENGLAND, the Priest, the father, and the friend—to assure the penitent—to alarm the sinner—to succor and to pity—*baptized again and again*—unto his holy function, *in that frightful black vomit*—the direst symptom of the malady!

* * * If I were to attempt to describe the style of his controversial discourses, I would liken it to a straight bar of polished steel, connecting his conclusion with his premises, with the lightning of heaven blazing and flashing about it.

He reminded me, in his intercourse with other men, whether allies or opponents, of a good humored giant moving among pigmies; whom he was careful not to tread on, but would sometimes dandle playfully between his fingers. I never knew a person who had so much consideration for the error and prejudices of other men. He knew the mysterious structure of the human mind, and felt that, most frequently, they were more sinned against than sinning.

His liberality was not limited by the Christian pale. Many of my readers must remember, the deep solicitude he felt for the admission, to the entire rights of citizens of Maryland, of the scattered children of ABRAHAM; and which he expressed in a letter to a gentleman of Baltimore, who had distinguished himself in the Maryland Legislature, by his eloquent advocacy of their claim.

God had sent an angel to assist his labors, and cheer him for a time! An accomplished, young, and lovely sister, left the ocean breezes of her own green Isle, and all the endearments and comforts of home, to minister to this idolized brother in the stranger-soil of Carolina. She threw her little fortune into his poverty-stricken institutions. Her elegant taste, presided over the literary department of the "Miscellany." Her feminine tact would smooth away whatever harshness his earnest temper might unconsciously infuse into his controversial writings. When he sometimes rebelled against her censorship, "with childish authority she would cling about him," till he yielded to her gentle jurisdiction. Her presence shed a magic charm around his humble dwelling, and made it the envied resort of the talented, the beautiful, and the gay. No pastoral vigilance could prevent the sweet virgins of the South from loving Joanna England; and a portionless Irish maiden, gave *ton*, in old, aristocratic Charleston. She infused into her young companions, a taste for more exalted enjoyments, than the empty display of exterior accomplishment and graces. She introduced "tertulias" for conversation of a higher order, than obtains at mere fashionable assemblies. She constituted a golden tie between the Bishop and the highest class of the community; "and some who came to laugh" with her, "remained to pray" with him. I knew this charming woman, who exhibited before us in one bright vision, the blended graces of this world and the next. Too soon for earth, she was called away from her joyous task of usefulness and love. In 1827, she died of "stranger's fever," and it was then, while sitting in a room adjacent to that where slept her lifeless form, I held by the hand that desolate brother, and our hearts melted into one, forever.

* * * I might sum up the evidence of his greatness and his virtues, by the fact, that in that city, where he had lived so long, had encountered so much opposition, had been constrained to so many painful duties, the apprehension of a fatal termination to his malady, involved the whole com-

munity in anxiety and affliction; that the Hebrew and the Protestant, as earnestly as the Catholic, sent up their prayers to God, that he might be spared to earth a little longer; and that when the pulsations of that mighty heart at last stood still, the occupations of society were suspended too—while those who had assailed him in embittered controversy, and those who sincerely believed him the advocate of error, as well as they who regarded him as a glorious messenger of truth, came together in a sense of common bereavement, all jealousies forgotten in the remembrance of his splendid abilities, his learning, his usefulness, his true-heartedness, his liberality, his charity, his kindly cheer, to incense his coffin with their sighs, and sprinkle it with the holy water of their unchecked grief.

[From Memorial Meeting, St. Mary's, Ga.]

In him, the nobler and sterner qualities which give dignity to our nature, were harmoniously united with the gentler virtues; as you may on some occasions have witnessed the brilliancy of the setting day, commingling with the beautiful light of the newly risen moon, bestowing and receiving beauty—the one deepened and strengthened, the other softened and purified in its hue.

[From Tribute of the Hibernian Society, Charleston—Hon. A. G. Magrath.]

To such nobility of heart, kindred generosity would pay its homage, even if a difference existed. And few could witness without the deepest sensibility, and none who witnessed, will ever forget, the mute, yet eloquent, tribute to his worth, which a distinguished antagonist paid to his cold, senseless remains. When life's struggle was over, and his body was about to be interred, one who had combated with the doctrines of his Church, stood gazing upon the marble features, now sleeping in colorless repose. The eye that was once bright with zeal, was shut forever upon the world—the tongue, so eloquent and convincing, was hushed and still in

the narrow limits of his coffin—the frame so strong in life, was cold and powerless in death. *There* was the victory of death—*there* the triumph of God's will. And he who gazed upon that body, had now come to change the excitement of contest, for the meditation of death.* In that coffin was written the awful commentary of a superior power, and the burning tear that coursed down the cheek of him who yet survived, was the most beautiful and affecting tribute from the generosity of the living, to the merit and excellence of the dead.

LAST MOMENTS.

—
BY AN EYE-WITNESS.
—

I premise my narrative, by stating that the disease of which Bishop ENGLAND died, was Typhus Fever; which in its earliest stages, displayed many of the phenomena of that variety, which has been described as *blood fever*, and throughout, the latter resembled the more ordinary forms of *abdominal typhus*. In his case, the operation of the efficient causes of this fatal disorder should be traced to a period considerably remote from the commencement of his illness. He remarked to his physicians, that for several years his circulation had been uniformly rapid, his pulse averaging not fewer than ninety strokes in a minute, and that he regarded its acceleration as now habitual, and as a physiological condition of his system.

In the summer of 1841 he visited Ireland and France, on business relating to the prosperity of his Diocese; encountered danger and fatigue in going; traveled and toiled unceasingly whilst there, and returned in the Autumn to the United States. During the homeward voyage, which was very protracted, much sickness prevailed among the passen-

*The Rev. RICHARD FULLER.

gers, to whom he administered both as friend and physician. He was, besides, subjected to a serious cause of uneasiness, by the extreme and protracted illness of the Superioress of the Ursulines, who had accompanied him, and who was returning with several ladies under her care to her community in this city. Worn with watching and anxiety, he arrived at Philadelphia, where he was obliged to tarry, in consequence of the continued debility of his sick charge. Stimulated by the zeal which was consuming him, he almost immediately commenced a course of lectures, in explanation and defence of Catholic doctrine and practice. It was then observed that his general health and his voice were impaired.

A report of the Bishop's indisposition preceded his return to Charleston. When he arrived, increased uneasiness was felt concerning his health, and I several times urged him to consult his physician—one by whom he had been repeatedly attended, and between whom and himself a brotherly affection existed. For a length of time he declined doing so, believing that his disorder was not more serious than what he had often experienced, and which he had heretofore removed by domestic physic and dieting. After some perseverance in his accustomed plan of treatment, finding that he became worse, he desired a medical friend to prescribe for him; who, deeming it important to seize the moment of his willingness to be treated, began a course of medicine and regimen, and very soon procured the attendance of the gentleman to whom I have alluded. Subsequently, a third physician having been so requested, gave his assistance in the management of the case, and during the last week of his continuance, in compliance with the wishes of many of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, a fourth was invited to the consultations. Among the advantages which accrued from these additions to the number of medical attendants, has been the relief afforded to those who were first engaged, by having their general views corroborated, and the responsibility lessened by division among a large body.

For several weeks after the treatment was commenced, it

was considered not advisable to confine him to bed, or even to his chamber; he descended daily to his library, and attended to matters of business, which could not be postponed, or to those duties that he could still perform. When symptoms arose which made it necessary, rest and seclusion were enforced. He complied with the many restrictions which ensued, in just that manner which might have been anticipated—submissive to the decrees of Heaven, and tractable under the requirements of his medical advisers. His demeanor throughout the whole of his sickness was a living imitation of the Saviour's, in the hour of his approaching trial—"FATHER ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE TO THEE, REMOVE THIS CHALICE FROM ME, BUT NOT WHAT I WILL, BUT WHAT THOU WILST." He never condescended to dissemble his anxiety respecting the issue of his case, yet that anxiety was compatible with perfect acquiescence in the plans of Providence with regard to his death or recovery. He desired to live only that he might prosecute the great work in which he had spent himself, and the only subjects which gave him any concern were those which were intimately connected with the advancement of *religion, clean and undefiled before God and the Father*. To maintain a Seminary, which could furnish recruits for the clergy—to sustain a Convent which might attach successive generations to knowledge and to virtue—to support a Sisterhood, who should *visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulations, keeping themselves unspotted from the world*—to train up a people who would *adore God in spirit and in truth*; who would *stand fast, holding the traditions which they had learned, whether by word or epistle*; who would *not be weary of well-doing*; and whom he prayed *our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God and our Father to confirm in every good word and work*: such were the noble ends, for the attainment of which he had devoted his prime of manhood to a life of hardships, for the completion of which he desired still to struggle, but only the first glimpses of which he was allowed to see. The magnitude of these objects seemed

now more vast than they ever did ; and more solemnly impressed with their importance, he spoke with animation of the greater earnestness with which he would (if permitted) strive to promote them. He appeared to deprecate the displeasure of his Lord and Master for having been remiss in their prosecution ; and implied that he considered as unprofitable, what we regard as labors, privations, trials, temptations, and self-sacrifices, worthy of being compared with the zeal, and the works of the *good and faithful servants* of the Church of Christ.

Perceiving that although the progress of his case was slow, and notwithstanding that it was chequered by periods of seeming improvement, and stages of temporary retardation, its tendency was onward towards an unfavorable termination, he expressed a wish to arrange his temporal concerns, so as to provide for their management after his decease. Of course he was not dissuaded from doing so ; and accordingly a gentleman of the Bar, was requested to wait on him and receive his instructions. Those instructions were condensed and conveyed in the following terms :

“ In *this* matter, I know neither friend nor kindred ; I wish my will to be so drawn as to cut off any expectations from either quarter. Everything which I possess, or to which I have a claim, I give to the cause for which I was sent here.”

The Bishop often adverted to the subject of the last Sacraments. He informed the attending physician that those rites would be administered at an earlier period in his, than in the case of a private member of the Church, yet that they should not be performed, while there remained a reasonable expectation that the disease might be arrested by medical treatment. That expectation still appeared well founded, and the result of these conversations was a mutual assent to the opinion that the crisis to which he alluded had not arrived. He, however, believed that it was approaching, and anticipated its occurrence, not merely without uneasiness, but with a degree of satisfaction, hoping that the mind,

if not the body also, would be refreshed and invigorated, by partaking those observances with which the Church comforts her children in extreme illness, and prepares them for walking courageously through the midst of the shadow of death. At length, on the morning of the 5th of April, the medical attendants coincided in the prognosis, that although the struggle would be prolonged for several days, the issue must be fatal. About that time, the Bishop was more oppressed than he had yet been, passing successive hours in a heavy, dosing state, and appearing unconscious of his actual condition. This caused one of the physicians to remark, that as the Bishop trusted to their candidly apprising him of the arrival of the time beyond which the administration of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction should not be postponed, it might be necessary to rouse his attention to that fact, and even distinctly to suggest what he desired. I had watched the progress of that oppression, and by occasional trials, had ascertained the extent to which his faculties were affected, and had discovered that whenever any subject was introduced which usually interested him, he completely threw off that lethargy, and could discuss and decide in his habitually clear and prompt manner. I, therefore, replied to the above remark, that I felt sure the Bishop would divine when the critical moment had come, and act accordingly. The medical consultation being finished, I ascended to his chamber; never so reluctantly. He always expected me after those consultations; and was again ready to review, as on former days, the progress of his case. He considered the importance and bearing of his previous and present symptoms, contemplated their probable effects and termination; and, pausing thoughtfully, seemed to expect that I had some communication to make. I hesitated—hoping that he would conjecture, and save me the embarrassment of announcing what was on my mind. Still he seemed afraid to ask explicitly the result of our recent consultation. Just as this disparaging suspicion began to assume a definite shape, and I to be intensely watchful to

discover the faintest indication of dread or of indecision, he composedly remarked, that he now considered himself in danger of death, and that unless he could be assured that they might safely be delayed, he would direct that preparations should be immediately made for administering the Sacrament. I assented that necessity existed, and he desired that all of his clergy who were in the city, might be summoned to attend at mid-day. At that hour, they entered his apartment, habited in surplices. A Crucifix, which had been hanging from the bed-post, was handed to him. Upon receiving it, he kissed its feet, and said: "Sweet Jesus! who didst deign to die for me in this ignominious manner, regard with compassion the condition of Thy servant, and be with him in the succeeding hour of trial." Then turning towards the Vicar, he enquired if all were ready, and being answered affirmatively, he rejoined in a voice of solemn command, "In the name of Almighty God proceed." The preliminary prayers having been recited, he addressed the Clergy, who were kneeling around the bed.

I beg that I may not be supposed presumptuous for attempting, by recording a few scattering sentences, to furnish a nucleus around which the memory of each who was present, may deposit what he recollects of that exhortation, which for simplicity of style—for natural arrangement, and logical consecutiveness of its several parts—for touching allusions—for "plain, unvarnished," forcible, and appropriate phraseology—for unaffected humility and mild dignity of tone, excelled any oration or sermon which we ever heard. Although I can recall only a small part of what he said, that, I report almost in his very words:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CLERGY: It is now many years since I was called by God to administer the affairs of his Church in this Diocese. Throughout that period I have encountered great difficulties; but He has assisted me with strength and grace for the performance of my duties beyond my natural capability. On some occasions, fortunately for

me, I have corresponded with those graces—on others, unfortunately, I have not. I commit all my deficiencies to the advocacy of Jesus Christ, the Just; who is the propitiation not for my sins only, but for those of the whole world.

“Some of you have borne with me the burthen of the day and the heats—others have more recently joined us in laboring in the vineyard of the Lord. The relations which have existed between you and myself, will probably soon be dissolved. On reviewing our connexion, I remember many things which I deemed myself obliged to say and to do, which to you may have appeared harsh or oppressive. I can truly declare, that, in many of these circumstances, I acted (however mistakenly) from a sense of duty, and in that manner which seemed best adapted to the end in view—your good. Let the motive extenuate, whatever was unnecessarily severe in my judgment and conduct. I confess it has likewise happened, owing partly to the perplexities of my position—chiefly to my own impetuosity—that my demeanor, has not always been as meek and courteous as it ever should have been; and that you have experienced rebuffs when you might have anticipated kindness. Forgive me!

“Tell my people that I love them. Tell them, how much I regret that circumstances have kept us at a distance from each other. My duties and my difficulties, have prevented me from cultivating and strengthening those private ties which ought to bind us together. Your functions require a closer, a more constant intercourse with them. Be with them—be of them—win them to God. Guide, govern, and instruct them—watch, as having to render an account of their souls, that you may do it with joy, and not with grief. There are among you several infant institutions, which you are called on in an especial manner to sustain. It has cost me a great deal of thought and labor to introduce them—they are calculated to be eminently serviceable to the cause of order, of education, of charity. They constitute the germs of what, I trust, shall hereafter grow and flourish in

extensive usefulness. As yet they are feeble ; support them—embarrassed ; encourage them—they will be afflicted ; console them.

“ I commend my poor Church to its patrons—especially to her, to whom our Saviour confided his, in the person of the beloved disciple. Woman, behold thy Son—Son, behold thy mother.

“ I could wish to continue speaking with you, even to the end ; but a proper consideration of other duties yet to be discharged, admonishes me to conclude. Prostrated though I be, I believe that God could restore me to health and to strength, did he choose to employ me longer in his service ; for it is not more difficult to heal, or to preserve alive, than it is to create, or to reanimate. With Him all things are possible. Should He order that I again occupy my station amongst you, I will (He assisting me) endeavor to set you an example of a more perfect following after Christ, than my past career affords. Should he decree otherwise, I must prepare to be manifested before the judgment-seat of Christ, that I may receive the proper things of the body, according as I have done, whether it be good or evil. I rely upon the all-sufficient atonement which Jesus has made for my sins, for cancelling the guilt and eternal punishment thereof. Still there may be some things against me, unrepented of, for which satisfaction must be made in that prison, out of which there is no going forth, till the last farthing shall have been repaid. In this case, you can aid me by your prayers and your good deeds ; for, although separated by death, we shall continue united by those bonds of charity, which bind together the different divisions of the Church of Christ. Remember me, I beseech you, in your devotions—remember me particularly, when the holy and unspotted Victim shall be offered on our altars, in expiation for the sins of the living, and of the dead. I am confident that you will !

“ It is the privilege of each of you to write to the Archbishop of Baltimore, and to the several Bishops of the Pro-

vince, suggesting whom you may esteem best qualified to fill my vacant chair. It is your duty, to pray that the Pontiff may be directed by the Spirit of Divine Wisdom, in appointing as my successor, one who, though he will not—CANNOT surpass me in firmness of faith, and devotion to the cause, yet may excel me in those Christian virtues, by which that cause would be advanced. (Asking for the Pontifical, he turned to the Confession of Faith.) Situated as I am, it surely is not requisite that I should read through the profession, in the manner which is prescribed—twice entirely. My faith is too well known to you and to my people, to make this necessary. I am too debilitated for the effort. *I acknowledge the Holy Catholic, Apostolic Roman Church, for the mother and mistress of all Churches. I owe true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, successor to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles and Vicar of Jesus Christ. I receive and embrace all things delivered, defined, and declared by the Sacred Canons, and General Councils, and particularly by the Holy Council of Trent. I believe with a firm faith, and profess all and singular the articles of that Creed, which the Holy Catholic, Roman Church, maketh use of, in their plainest, simplest, fullest, strongest, and most explicit sense."*

He closed the volume, and signified his desire that the ceremony might proceed. The administration of the rite was accordingly completed. He gave his benediction and kiss of peace to each one present; and, having been divested of his episcopal insignia and sacerdotal vestments, sank exhausted on the pillows.

From this time, the Bishop devoted himself zealously to giving instructions, and otherwise providing for the government of the Diocese, and for the management of his own, and of the affairs of others, which were commingled with his. When fatigued by attending to those matters, he passed the hours in meditation, or in a heavy sleep, from which he would awake, eager to renew his suggestions and consultations. The three days which immediately succeed-

ed the reception of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, were spent in this manner. He was quite aware of the exhaustion which was very gradually taking place, and appointed a time for a farewell interview with the members of those religious communities in whose establishment and permanency, he was so deeply interested. It was about this period, that he consulted one of the physicians relative to the most expedient time for conferring with the Head of one of these Sodalities, informing him that he regarded his doing so as an indispensable duty. He said: "I wish to have some private conversations with ——. They may be short and successive; and you can regulate the times and their duration. Should I expire in the effort, I must make it; for much depends upon that institution—in that institution everything depends upon her." After such a representation, and the exhibition of so firm a resolve, no dissuasions were employed; although it was believed that he was too feeble to accomplish what he intended.

On Saturday, according to his own arrangements, he was visited by the Sisters of Mercy in a body. He had promised the Superioress, that they might come to him for his benediction before death; and the notices which they received to attend, served to apprise them that hope, the charmer, lingered no longer with the sick. He viewed them ranged around, in silent grief, and seemed rapidly to read their history. He remembered when *four* only, constituted their whole force, and compared their former inefficiency with their present numbers, resources, and usefulness.

Gratitude to God for the benefits which, through their instrumentality had already been, and would hereafter be conferred upon the community, co-operated with his debility, to deprive him of utterance. At last he succeeded in addressing to them a single sentence: "You know *what* I would say, if I could—fulfill your obligations." Each received the sign of a special blessing, and retired.

Next, he summoned the students of the Theological Seminary, and in a few words persuaded them to continue in

the course upon which they had entered; reminding them that only by zeal, discretion, and knowledge, could they expect to be useful to mankind; and through holiness of life alone, might they hope to see God.

He likewise desired the satisfaction of once more inspiriting the Ursulines, for whom he felt a peculiar sympathy and concern. At the call of religion, they had relinquished the many advantages of an establishment in which they might, amidst fewer cares and distractions, have emulated the services and sanctity of their Foundress, and of many of their order. They had heroically persevered in the face of difficulties; and, undismayed by the death of their Mother, with whom, it was feared, the prospects of their success had perished, they were preparing by additional exertions, and with increasing numbers, to advance the cause of education and piety, to which they are devoted. Under the impending calamity he was anxious to rally them, as on a former occasion, to the immediate discharge of their duties, and to fix their minds upon the noble purposes for which they should be sustained—calling them unto him as an anxious parent gathers her offspring when dangers threaten. He discoursed eloquently, though silently—with the eye, with all the features. 'Twas a time when mind communicates with mind, independently of language. A glance conveyed a lesson—a look imparted instruction—a gesture signified warning or encouragement. Words were superfluous; yet that “swift and ready tongue” likewise vindicated its function, uttering the following beautiful and delicate exhortation:

“Observe that rule, which, with the blessing of God, will enable you to attain the perfection at which you aim. Ruin—ruin of no ordinary description is on the one hand; knowledge, literature, virtue, modesty, all the graces which become the sex of the Blessed Virgin, are on the other.”

After those exciting scenes had ended, he asked that the

office of *Visitation of the Sick* should be read; and referring to the *Benedictio in Articulo Mortis*, said, “*That I shall not want until to-morrow.*” On the next day, which was Sunday, he had relapsed into that state which I have once before described, when it seemed that he had forgotten much which had occurred, and was unconscious of his actual condition. At this crisis, some of the Clergy entered the chamber for the purpose of offering the prayers just mentioned. Attracted by their approach, he demanded, with much animation, “what they intended to do?” One replied, that according to his directions of the preceding day, they were about to read the “*Benediction for the Article of Death.*” He again enquired, in a tone of voice which betokened surprise, “Is it necessary?” Appealing to the physician who was present: “Are the symptoms worse?” His manner convinced all who heard him, that for the time, he had no correct perception of the severity of his illness, nor of his hopeless prostration; no recollection of the series of deliberate preparations for death in which he had participated; nor of the affecting interviews in which he had recently borne a part. The words and tone of the answer which was returned to his last interrogation, impressed him vividly with the reality, that he was already overshadowed by the coming event. For an instant, his features worked with an expression of humour, as if he were amused at his great misapprehension of his situation; but in a moment his gravity returned, and in a solemn manner he remarked: “I had hoped to Rise. But I Bow to the Will of God, and accept what He appoints. Go on, sir.”

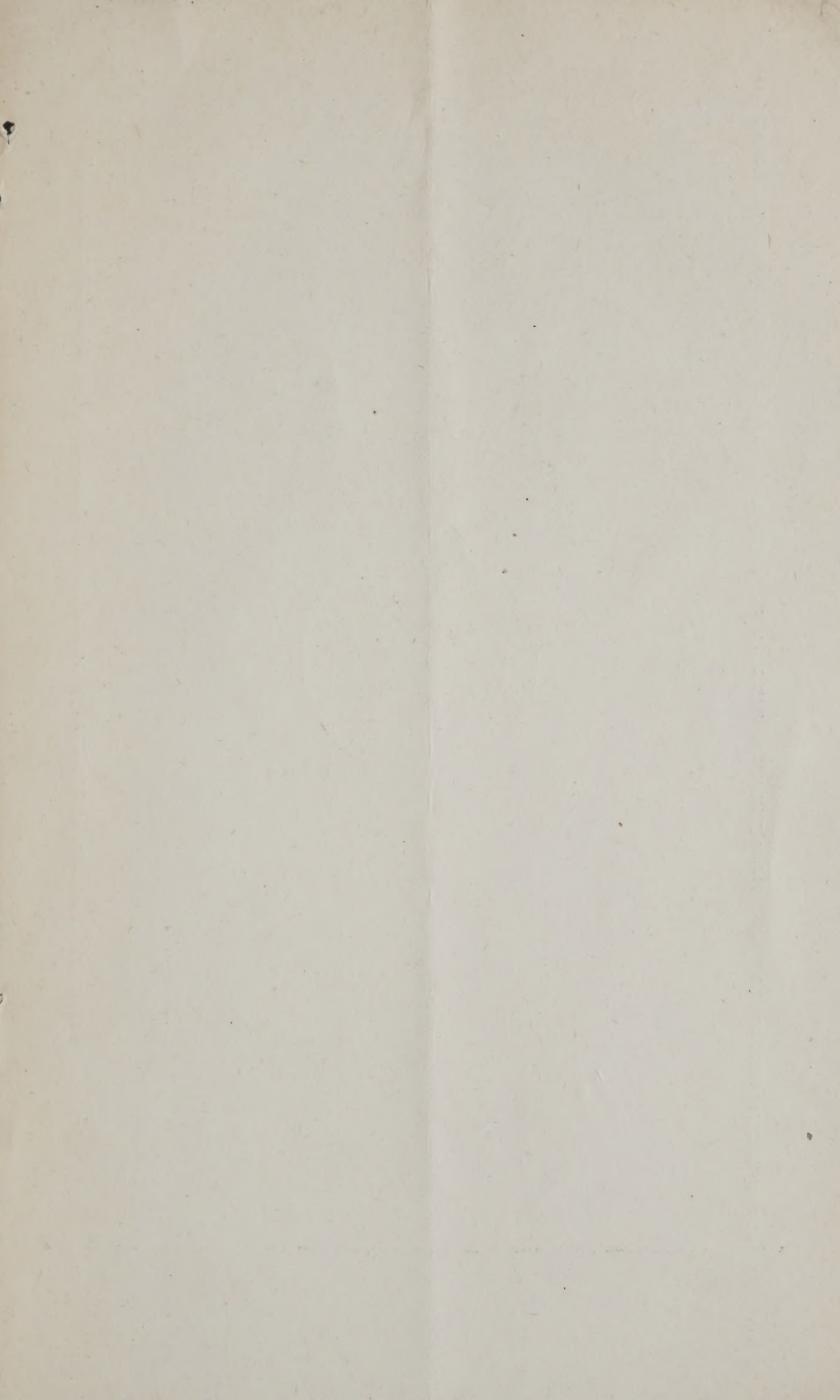
He then requested, that for some time he might not be disturbed. Desirous, as the hour of dissolution “nearer came, and yet more near,” to direct his thoughts and feelings solely to recollection, and to the contemplation of the ensuing change. He spent sometime in those exercises; and when refreshed in body and mind, he confided to a faithful listener, in the hearing of one who was already acquainted with many of the circumstances, the particulars of

COMPILED
AS AN OFFERING FOR THE EASTER FAIR,

BY AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE W. L. I.

A. O. B.

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The News and Courier Job Presses, Charleston, S. C.—1875.
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